

FRIEND WEIDNER AGAIN ARGUES AGAINST THE VOLSTEAD ACT

The following editorial was handed to us by O. O. H. Weidner, Superintendent of the McPherson National Cemetery near Maxwell. It is printed as his contribution and does not reflect the opinion of the Tribune—

THE DOCTORS AND THE VOLSTEAD ACT!

The doctors are coming out pretty strong against some of the features of the Volstead Act. The recent decision of the Supreme Court added to the opposition. They say, in the first place, that the Supreme Court is assuming to know more about the practice of medicine than the Medical Fraternity.

At the recent meeting of the Medical Society of the city of St. Louis, Missouri, they declare that the act as it was being executed, was provocative of disrespect for all law and an obnoxious invasion of the prerogative of a physician. They also declare that it has led to the consumption of deleterious concoctions and beverages. A resolution was adopted reading:

"Be it resolved, that as fellows of this society we will use our utmost efforts to legally modify the 18th amendment if it cannot be legally eradicated from our Constitution in its entirety."

RIGHT!

It matters little what is said
Or how you talk or fight—
There's nothing settled on this earth
Until it's settled right.

No matter what the verdict is
In any given light;
There can't be any settlement,
Until it's settled right.

No Church, Court or Commission,
With arrogance or might,
Can rule the soul's opinion,
Unless they rule it right!

But every free American
With Independent Might,
Decides and judges for himself
And knows just what is right!
O. O. H. WEIDNER,
Maxwell, Neb.

The funeral of late Mrs. Rachel Wilson who died Saturday was held Sunday at Maxwell from the Nazarene church. She was 68 years old and is the mother of Mrs. John Kelly of Maxwell.

Clintons for eye glasses.

Mrs. John Day left Friday for Portland where she will spend the Christmas holidays with her daughter, Mrs. Guy Robinson.

Money to loan on farms. See Gene Crook.

Miss Babe Cooney has taken a position as cashier at the U. P. Dining room during the absence of Miss Elizabeth Warren.

Help The Old Folks

A Helping Hand Extended to Many
Old People in North Platte.

The infirmities of age are many. Most old people have a bad back. The kidneys are often weak. Or worn out with years of work. Backache means days of misery. Urinary troubles, night of unrest. Doan's Kidney Pills have helped to make life easier for many. They are doing so for old and young.

North Platte people are learning this. Ask your neighbor.

Read the following local endorsement.

Mrs. Anna Flood, 721 W. 10th St., says: "I have found Doan's Kidney Pills a most excellent remedy for kidney complaint. I have taken them several times during the past years when my kidneys were not in good condition and I had backache and pain in my sides and I felt all out of sorts. I took a few Doan's Kidney Pills and they soon strengthened my kidneys and left me feeling all right. Doan's are a household remedy in our house."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mrs. Buffalo, N. W.



L. & S. Groceries.

CANCELLED

By MYRA A. WINGATE

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Jack," Elizabeth said to her brother at lunch, "do you know a stalwart savage who infests these shores—a handsome brute in khaki, with a pocket full of notebooks?"

Jack Darrell laughed delightedly. "That must have been Cameron," he said. "Botany's his hobby and literature his life work. He has a shack up the lake and never leaves for the city until snow flies. He's a boon companion of ours," with a glance across at his wife.

"A friend of yours," said Elizabeth, dismaying. "Why, I all but quarreled with him this morning. I got a ducking over there by the island and he helped me ashore. He was a perfect savage about my being out in a canoe, and I told him so. His departure was too abrupt to be polite."

"I'm sorry you said that," remarked Jack, soberly. "He was engaged to the queen of the summer colony here, three years ago. She used to call him the splendid savage. He's no society man, but a serious worker. He was in dead earnest, but she was only playing. The summer colony fairly buzzed with the affair. Cameron never looked at a girl before that, and hasn't since. Think they're all alike. You look about sixteen in that middy suit. He must have thought you were a forward flapper."

Elizabeth struggled with the hurt in her throat before she could say: "How horribly cruel he must have thought me. I wish he had known that I didn't know."

It was a foregone conclusion that they should meet—almost a foregone conclusion that both should be attracted. Cameron held stubbornly aloof from a fear akin to that of the burned child. Elizabeth's pride matched his caution. She burned with shame over the memory of her unfortunate speech, while at the same time her proud spirit resented owing her life to a man too indifferent to be friendly. She longed for an opportunity to equalize what she felt to be an obligation.

On a midsummer afternoon Jack came in to say:

"Cameron broke an ankle today. I'm on my way down to the village to get a pair of crutches. Wilkins will put on a cast in a day or two."

Elizabeth, disturbed at Jack's news and annoyed by being disturbed, rambled restlessly forth along the lake shore, turning aside presently to plunge deeper into the woods. The summer drought that held the north country in its grip had touched even the woodlands, so that the trees looked thirsty and the dead leaves and spalls crackled underfoot.

Returning, she met the blue smoke cloud curling through the trees. The girl put one hand to a throat that suddenly smarted. While she watched, fire ran in the underbrush, climbed a small pine and leaped from tree to tree down to the lake shore. On the right it ran far back into the woods, crackling and roaring as the draught increased.

Elizabeth's first thought was of Cameron alone in his camp in the very path of the fire. When she burst into the little clearing and ran up the knoll on which stood the picturesque log cabin, the wind-driven flames were already running in the dry grass, and cinders were sailing over the tree tops. Cameron, his face drawn with pain, was sitting on a wide couch opposite the door, evidently preparing to depart. Alarm leaped into his eyes at sight of the girl.

"Must I always be scolding you?" he asked. "Go down to the shore at once, where you can be safe."

Unheeding, Elizabeth knotted together the sleeves of her sweater and slipped it under the bandaged ankle like a sling.

"Now let yourself down and hitch along with your hands and your other foot. Hurry!" she commanded. He obeyed. The shingles on the camp roof were already blazing as they made their ludicrous and painful way down the path. Behind them they could hear the shouts of the fire fighters rallying to meet the danger. Cameron lay quietly upon the long, cushioned seat, not attempting to speak until they were well out on the lake. Then he said:

"It wasn't safe, Elizabeth. Why did you do it?"

"Oh, there was a sort of obligation," she answered.

"There was not," he contradicted. "Look at me, Elizabeth. You do! And, oh, my dear, so do I! You could never fall anyone. You could never hurt anyone."

"How perfectly clear," returned the girl, giving the wheel a spin and turning a backward look upon the blazing camp. "I suppose we ought to have waited to get some of the things you valued."

"I've all that really matters right here," he answered. "Elizabeth, if an old grouch named Cameron should tell you he loved you, and ask you to marry him, what would you do?"

"I would probably accept," she remarked, gravely, "and live happily ever after, waiting on the old grouch."

It was some time later that Jack Darrell, smoke-blackened and anxious, paddled alongside.

"I thought as much," he remarked, mildly. "You couldn't be expected to remember that your friends might be alarmed. You're all alike."

"No," said Cameron with conviction. "Elizabeth is different!"

THE SECRET

By GERTRUDE W. FIELDER

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"It not grow, lady."

Betty looked up from the trench she was digging, straight into the bright black eyes of Nicola, vendor of vegetables.

"Why won't it grow?" Betty demanded, brandishing her trench tool, a huge carving knife.

Nicola retreated a step and tried another tack. "Work too hard. Laid off not plant seed, tubers."

"Those who work in gardens plant other things than seeds and tubers. They plant hope and faith and love," Betty began softly.

"It not grow," repeated Nicola.

Betty patted the earth around the tuber with kindly hands. Without looking up, she remarked, "My confidence is the confidence of seers. Wherefore should I have vexation of spirit lest what ought to be will not be?"

Nicola did not task her to repeat. He ignored her remark.

"Me, I plant early, cover all, glass," said Nicola. "I sell, you buy," he added, in tones of oily smoothness.

"Today I'll buy, yes; but tomorrow (Betty spoke figuratively), when my garden attains its rich fulfillment, I shall not need to buy. I shall have potatoes and squashes."

"But today I'll take that and that and that, and be sure to call every day. If I must become a vegetarian, at least I'll be graceful about it," she added whimsically.

"You couldn't be otherwise," said a voice behind her.

"How long, if I may ask, have you been eaves-dropping?" Betty inquired politely.

"Long enough to be consumed with jealousy. You never asked me to call every day."

Betty sat back on her heels and surveyed her next door neighbor with eyes that would twinkle. "It was hardly necessary," she was beginning, when he vaulted the hedge as he had a habit of doing.

"If you will pardon the suggestion, you would be saved from disappointment later if you—"

"Should send to the agriculture bureau for a pamphlet prepared for the amateur gardener," Betty interrupted. "Five good friends have already offered me the same advice."

"On the contrary," said the young doctor, calmly. "I was about to suggest you take a partner."

"Nicola can make bigger profits having me for a customer," Betty retorted, resuming her interrupted gardening to hide the laughter in her eyes.

"I did not have Nicola in mind," returned the young doctor.

"There are individuals who say, and that boasting, that this thing of letting love get the best of you is ridiculous," he said, suddenly.

"For what are you digging a hole—a tomato plant or a tree?" queried Betty, demurely.

And then a pair of startled brown eyes gazed into a pair of wondering gray.

"What is it?" whispered the owner of the brown.

"Captain Kidd's treasure trove, I think," answered the owner of the gray.

"Oo-oo! Can't you lift it out?" cried Betty.

"Um-m. Wait. It's coming. There!" depositing a small iron box upon the ground. "It isn't Captain Kidd's treasure, after all. Maybe it's Mrs. Captain's, though."

"How do you know, before we open it?" giggled Betty.

"Who but a woman would leave the key in the lock," he grinned.

"Goody! Now we can open it quick," said Betty. "It's mine, because grandfather left everything to me."

"One moment," said the young doctor, looking straight into Betty's eyes. "If within the box be gold untold, I mount by coal-black stallion and ride away into the unknown—for its equivalent."

And then the box stood open.

"Letters!" exclaimed Betty. "Who would bury letters so carefully?" Wonderingly, she drew one forth. It crackled between her fingers. "Dearest Charles," she deciphered the cramped, faded handwriting, then turned to the signature, "Ever your Elizabeth."

"They're love letters," she cried, a little breathlessly, "grandfather's and grandmother's."

"I wonder why the one who buried them didn't burn them, instead?" said the young doctor.

"I wonder," said Betty. "Once, so mother told me, grandmother disobeyed grandfather's wishes, braving his displeasure and anger to bring about something which she knew was the desire of his heart. Grandfather never forgave her—not until the very last. I think grandfather buried the letters because—because they seemed like a part of grandmother, and he was sorry he had been so hard. We'll not read them, boy, dear."

"Of course not, dearest. We'll put them back where we found them. Strange you should select this spot for your garden."

"No, not strange," said Betty, softly. "I was planting something beside a garden—hope and faith and love."

The setting was not the usual one chosen by lovers—night with silvery moonbeams dancing in fantastic shapes to and the velvet shadows—instead, broad earth, sun kissed. But once more the old, old story in dulcet tones was told.

COUNTY LIVE STOCK SALES ARE SUCCESSFUL IN STATES WHERE TRIED

A method that should be found effective in improving live stock in all parts of the county has been tried out with much success recently in Tennessee, says a report to the United States Department of Agriculture. It consists of a series of county sales of pure-bred sires of all kinds.

The sales have consisted largely of beef bulls, dairy bulls, and boars, although a few rams also have been included. The sales are advertised intensively in the counties in which they are held. Small advertisements and posters are used, and for some time before the sale the local papers run articles on the value of purebred sires.

In that State it has been found that better results are obtained from the county sale than from sales covering a larger section or from State sales. Farmers are more apt to attend these sales where they can haul the purchases home or ship only a short distance. At a number of these sales the number of sires sold has varied from 20 to 60. One of the big advantages is that good blood produced in the county remains there and improves the general run of live stock instead of being scattered far and wide.

The department looks upon this plan as an improvement aid in the better sires—better stock movement. It is an excellent supplement to other methods now in use.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Buckley returned from Omaha Wednesday after spending several days with friends.

Mrs. Ida Poindexter is spending the holidays in the city with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Halligan left Saturday evening for Omaha where they will spend the holidays with friends.

Miss Effie Johnson left Saturday for Gering where she will spend the holidays with her sister.

Irene and Agnes McNeel will spend the holidays in Sutherland visiting at the J. F. McNeel home.

Mrs. J. Marovich left Saturday for her home in Lewellen after visiting friends in the city for several days.

Miss Caroline Belton left Wednesday for her home in San Diego, Calif. after visiting with her sister, Mrs. W. H. McDonald, for the past few weeks.

Mrs. E. A. Jones returned to her home in Sutherland Saturday after receiving medical attention in the city for several days.

AUCTION OF SCHOOL LANDS

Notice is hereby given that on the 2nd day of January 1923 at one o'clock P. M. at the office of the county treasurer of Lincoln county, the Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings, or his authorized representative, will offer for lease at public auction all educational lands within said county upon which forfeiture of contract has been declared or lease contract has expired.

All sec. 16-12-26
NW¼, SE¼ sec. 36-12-26
All sec. 16-16-26
All sec. 16-10-27
All sec. 36-10-27
E½ sec. 36-11-27
All sec. 16-16-27
All sec. 36-10-28
W½, SE¼ sec. 16-10-29
All sec. 36-10-29
All sec. 36-11-29
E½, N½NW¼ sec. 36-12-29
SW¼NE¼, SE¼, lot 2, 3 sec 36-13-29
S½SE¼ sec. 16-16-29
NW¼, N½SW¼ sec. 36-16-29
N½NE¼, W½W¼ sec 16-9-30

NW¼ sec 36-9-30
All sec. 16-10-30
NE¼ sec 16-11-30
S½ sec. 36-12-30
NW¼ sec. 36-15-30
N½ sec. 36-16-30
All sec 16-9-31
All sec. 36-9-31
NE¼, W½NW¼, N½S½, SW¼SW¼, SE¼SE¼ sec. 16-12-31.
All sec. 36-13-31
All sec. 36-16-31
All sec 16-10-32
W½ sec. 36-13-32
W½NE¼, W½, W½SE¼, SE¼SE¼ sec 36-9-33.
SW¼ sec. 36-13-33
SE¼SW¼, SE¼, lots 2, 3, 4, 5, sec 8-14-33.
N½, N½SW¼, SE¼ sec. 16-14-33
All sec. 36-15-33
N½N½ sec. 16-16-33
All sec. 16-9-34
SW¼ sec. 16-10-34
All sec. 16-11-34
NE¼ sec. 16-13-34
N½N½, lots 2, 3, 4, sec. 14-14-34
December 8, 1922

DAN SWANSON, Commissioner of Public Lands and Buildings.

The Right Auctioneer

Means Dollars to you. My specialty is

FARM SALES

See me or Phone. I am busy but can book another one.

I. D. BROWNFIELD

Phone 74

Hershey, Neb.

SPECIAL FEATURES WRITTEN IN COMBINATION WITH STANDARD LIFE POLICIES

Non-Cancellable Accident and Health Insurance.	Pure and Installment Income Endowment Provisions.
Double Indemnity Provisions.	Premium Waiver Clause.
Specific Dismemberment Provisions.	Post Mortem Dividends.
Disability Income Clause.	Full Participation in all Surplus.
Monthly Life Income Provisions.	Automatic Non-forfeiture Clause.

Insurance that Insures—Protection that Protects

Fidelity Reserve Company

Home Office Fourth and Locust Streets, North Platte, Neb.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

Few days are too cold for comfortable driving in this sturdy car.

Snug-fitting curtains, which open and close with the doors, afford complete protection from wind and snow.

The carburetor and starter are famous for their prompt and dependable response on cold mornings.

Cord tires, with safety treads, act as a safeguard against skidding, and greatly reduce the possibility of having to change tires in disagreeable weather.

J. V. ROMIGH Dealer.

Corner 6th and Locust.

Phone 844.

